time when we grow old, sunset, down the sea al and the night wind cold pering and and chillingly;

THERE COMES A TIME,

d locks are grey winter's day, saddest bue behold all dreary, drift away, facted coral say— a time when we grow old.

a time when joyous heart, p as leaps the laughing main, save memory, his dangeon chain, al dawn of day. h passed away; h into darkness rolled, mbers wan and grey,

e in whispers say-

ne when manhood's prime ng like a dream, v in silent tears; now dark! the spark clear and steady ray:

sctions lingering, saytime when laughing spring con the autumn robe e last declivity; now the slope,

With rosy hope, u with fairer light, rs whisper through the night; ime when we grow old.

I MUST DIE.

Reader, are you accustomed to think as true of yourself, as it is of You may be perfect in health day; but has the thought-"I am etal," occurred to you? Swift and den death has come to multitudes: should come thus to you; now, re you prepared for it? To-day have thought of the end for which you reservated. Have you remembered at though you must die, the soul live forever, and that God will give every man the just reward of his els-to the religious, eternal lifethe wicked, eternal death? Let no re however pressing, no pursuit, sever eager, lead you to forget this -"I must die"-and after death indement? Says a writer:

the giddy whirl of the world, too little pause, to reflect that are mortal. On and on they e and toil, strive and contend, inating and recriminating, throwtheir souls into the vortex of the and as if it and its objects were onthy to absorb their whole being. inful object of contemplation! A w more passing seasons, and all who sengaged in the exciting and madning strife of the world will, one ter another, have silently dropped no the bosom of death, no more to be en of men, soon to be remembered more on corth. How unimportant, en, to the disembodied spirits appear the trifles which to-day much magnified, and which by paril interested and selfish views, are habed with so much consequence. I mst die! This short sentence, freseally aftered and uttered and pon-

bred upon, would go far to moderate sperity of feeling, to eradicate enmity om the heart, to cool the ardor of worldly pursuits, to abate strife and

Although chimneys are essental to argandburners, and globes also many places where fish tail burners are used, and the ornamental effect is easant, still they are detrimental to usion of the light of gas. A clean gas globe obstructs about 12 per ent; a clean globe engraved with lowers about 24 per cent; a globe pound all ever about 40 per ceut; an pal globe about 60 per cent. Hence s apparent the folly of using elaborwely engraved and ground globes or hades, where it is desirable to econo-The If engraved at all, the upper pertion should be embellished, while he lower part should be left clear for free passage of light.

"NOT DENOMINATIONAL." - Rev. Alted Taylor tells this story of a boy who had risen, under the surge of Sunlay School sweet meats and pic-nics. the perfection of a certain latter lay idea of undenominational breath. "Where do you go to Sunday School,

"Why, marm, I go to Baptisses, and Methodisses, and the Presbyteriums, but I've been trying the 'Piscopals for lwo or three weeks."

'You don't seem to belong to any where then, Jimmy?"

"Why, yes, marm, don't you see? I belongs to 'em all, exceptin' the 'Pistopals, but I'm going to jine them too,

"Well, Jimmy, what's your idea in

going to so many ?" "Why, you see, I gets a little of what's going on at 'em all, marm. I tets liberries, and bymn books, and I that; and when they have pic-nics.

goes to every one of 'em. "WHO DIED FOR YOU ?"-At a color-After a spell of silence and a spell of whispering, a little "nig"

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

BY LILY LILAC.

"So you are determined on Newport, Medora?" It was the father of two young

girls that asked this question, and the elder one answered: "To be sure I am; it is the last sea-

son you will have to pay my bills, and you need not grumble I am sure I have made an impression on Ross Wilton, and to stay at home from Newport when he is going there, would be throwing my chance of a brilliant settlement completely away."

"Very well, then, go. Where will you go, Josie?"

"I think I shall avail myself of your kind offer and go to Aunt Jane's," the younger one answered.

"Then you have no brilliant match to throw away."

expected such a plain looking girl as more. When she bad concluded, Me-Josie Wycombe is, to catch a rich dora led Rosa away saying: husband; she may be glad if she even gets a clerk in your store," and Medora, the beauty of the family, tossed her head and complacently viewed herself in the mirror.

"Thank you for the compliment, Medora, I shall not go to Newport to angle for him, if I never even get a clerk."

the conversation for that morning. Medora went to Newport, Josie to Aunt Jane's. The thread of our story | ment of any kind. we take up again after their return.

"Phew! phew! why, Josie, what on earth are you doing?"

"Dusting the parlor, my dear sister, and if the dust affects your breathing organs, I advise you to go to your own room again."

"That is what has come of your poking off to Aunt Jane's this summer. You're always doing the housemaid's work. Why can't Mary dust the parlor just as well?"

"Ma discharged her yesterday."

"Goodness! what was that for?" "Why, my dear sister, your summer at Newport lowered pa's finances so much that we could not afford to keep her, and I must needs do her work.

"Fiddlesticks!" "Ask pa, or ma."

"Mercy! there is Ross Wilton and I in such a plight," and away Medora flew to her room.

Josie answered the bell and showed him into the parlor.

"My sister will be down shortly,"

"Your sister?" he asked, looking at her in amazement, for, be it known, she was totally unknown to Ross

"My sister, Miss Wycombe," she answered, drawing herself up to her fu lest height.

"O, pardon me-I did not-meanthat is to say-"

make the same mistake."

his eyes off plain Josie, and she did not look so very plain either at that time, for her hair was becomingly arranged; an unusual flush was in her ace, her gingham dress sat admirably, and was adorned at the throat with a neat collar and a ribbon bow; her gingham bib apron had two cunuing little pockets, out of one of which peepel a clean handkerchief, and from the other a small account book. She took no steps to inform her sister that he was waiting, and he jumped to the conclusion that Medora was helping her when he arrived, and had gone to dress in more costly apparel.

"Why did you not accompany your mother and sister to Newport this summer?" he asked.

the country, and I enjoyed myself bet you had better have old Demas. ter it seems than Dora did at Newport, for she has complained of uneasiness and sickness ever since she came

home. Ah! here she is." ter Josie took her leave, and they could to the Central Park to day." hear her in the back parlor, dusting and singing softly to herself.

Dora's health after her trip to Newport, and did not make a long visit. She invited him to call in the evening, as she was to have a few friends there.

The evening came, and with it the ed Sabbath School, in this country, a few friends, (about twenty.) Medora weeks ago, the devout teacher was radiant in blue silk, and jewels. asked the question, "Who died for She was one of those persons who Dora to go, in your place?" have grayish blue eyes, and imagine about forty years old replied, "Abrum | blue the most becoming color they can | do her so much good, and as for me, I wear. I have seen a great many such am well enough, and could not leave ed by her advice as I did, you would said Harry with a sily laugh. "I

in my life, and always found that the clear blue made their eyes seem green, or the color of cat's eyes. Josie was there, too, in a pink merino skirt, and white muslin waist. Somebody asked Medora to play and she complied, Ross Wilton turning the music leaves.

while she played. After she had finished, Ross asked Josie if she played.

Josie came and stood by her sister

"A little," she answered.

"Then favor us with a tune." She prepared to comply, when her sister said, in a whisper loud enough for him to hear, "Josie, do not exhibit

your poor skill after I have played." Josie blushed and seemed hurt, hesitated a moment, and then seating herself, played a simple tune. Ere she finished they all crowded around her. and soon were begging for something else. She played three or four more "Of course she has not! Who ever pieces and then refused to play any

> "Josie has practiced to advantage this summer. I did not know she was so skillful a performer."

It was the truth she spoke, but Ross did not set it down as such.

A few nights after, the Wycombe family attended a soirce at a friend's house. Medora went arrayed in costly silks, and diamonds-Josie in a Josie left the room, and that ended neatly trimmed silk and woo! linsey, with her hair very becomingly arranged, without head-dress, or orna-

"How very plain Josie Wycombe is dressed?" said a butterfly to Martin Demas, the miserly banker.

"Is she?"

"Why, yes. I don't believe her whole suit cost twenty-five dollars." Old Demas gazed at the tasty and

becoming dress, and thought of his lonely bachelor home. The next morning callers inumerable rang the bell of the Wycombe mansion; they were all admitted by Josie in her gingham dress. Among the callers were Ross Wilton and Mar-

tin Demas. Josie only tarried a few moments in the parlor with each, and then excused herself. "I have had a proposal for my daughter to-day," said Mr. Wycomber

one evening. "Was it Ross, pa?" cried Medora, her eyes sparkling.

"No, it was not Ross, nor was it for you; it was from old Demas, the

banker, for Josie. What do you say

"I say, no."

"What? do you know he is one of our richest men?"

"Most assuredly I do, but must still

send a decided no." "Why, what is the matter with you, Josie?" ejaculated Medora, "you will never have another such a chance, and would not now, if he had not been an old man. The way you dress and go "No pardon is necessary, many on this winter is ridiculous. Young Chichester said last night, you were The rich Ross Wilton could not keep the plainest girl in the room, and he really pitied you, because you were likely to die an old maid."

"I should, if the world were composed of such men as he is. Pray who is he, and what is he worth? and in what part of his anatomy does he conceal his brains? not in his head, that's certain."

"You need not be so sarcastic. I never intend to marry him; my mar ket is made elsewhere; I expect the wealthy Ross Wilton to propose every

"You have been expecting it all summer, and all winter. What makes him so tardy?"

"Come, girls, don't quarrel, only get somebody to propose and get yourselves off my hands: I don't mean "Pa thought he could not afford to you, though," looking at Josie. "You let any of us go, but Dora thought have sobered down into a sensible girl she must, so I went to my aunt's in since your visit to your aunt Jane, but

"No, I shall not!" and that was the

Not long after Josie answered a ring at the bell, and found Ross Wil- found a husband, and was not likely Medora here arrived, dressed in a ton. "Good morning, Miss Josie, I to disgrace you by being an old maid." beaming morning costume. Soon af have come to ask you to take a ride

"I am sorry I cannot go. I must surely stay at home, we have so much Ross had only called to inquire after to do. You will enjoy yourself better with Dora alone."

"I-I-I had-did not intend to ask Dora, I had rather have you."

"I am very sorry for that, Dora would enjoy it so much," "Is it your wish that I should ask

"Yes, her health is so poor, it would

ma to manage alone just now. Some now be the financee of Ross Wilton, don't want to be different from the other time will do."

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI SATURDAY. APRIL 4. 1868.

Dora went, Josie staid at home. "Well, well, Josie, I've had another offer for your band and homely face today!" Mr. Wycombe exclaimed, as he entered the dining room not long after.

"Who was it this time?" asked Mrs.

Wycombe.

"Harry Barnes, the rich merchant." "Ah me! it was a lucky day for him when Stella died, she was such an extravagant person," sighed Mrs. Wycombe.

"What shall I tell him, Josie?" "Tell him no!"

"What? do you intend to tell them "Not when the right one comes, pa,

I shall say yes, then." Round the corner Ross Wilton sweeps in his new sleigh, stops at the Wycombe Mansion, runs up the steps and rings the bell; Josie, in gingham

dress and bib apron opens the door. ry. "Father will not mind my staying "Now, Josie, get ready, I want to take you to ride in my new sleigh," "O. Mr. Wilton, I cannot go to-day,

it is wash day." "But you don't have to wash, do

"No, but I have twice as much work to do on wash-day. Take Dora again to-day, I had rather you would."

"Shall I take Dora always?" "Only just for to day, please."

"Will you be at home this evening?" "I shall, but pa, ma and Dora, are going to the opera."

'I shall come this evening, then, I want to see you only."

"Oh, Josie!" cried Dora, when she returned from the ride, "I am sure that Ross is on the eve of a proposal, sleep." I thought sure he would propose every minute to-day!"

"What made you think so?"

"Why, he seemed so absent and abstracted during the whole ride, don't you believe he hardly said a dozen words to me from the time we started until we got back!"

are on the eve of a propesal?" "Why yes, you goose! but what is

the matter with you that you are in "I have such a bad headache."

"Then you will not be able to go to the opera to-night, will you?" "No, I shall stay at home."

"I had just as leave you would." "I know it, my dear, affectionate sister, and who knows but Ross will propose to-night if I stay at home?" "I expect he will, and I must give

him a good chance." "Do, if you can."

Evening came, and Dora was much chagrined at not seeing Ross at the opera. She would have been more so if she could have had a sly peep into the parlor at home. Josie's headache had disappeared as if by magic, and Ross Wilton sat on the sofa very much pleased at something, to judge by his looks, and Josie blushed rosy red every time her eye encountered his. Suspicions circumstances these.

"Well, well, will wonders never cease?" exclaimed Mr. Wycombe, on entering the family room the next evening. "Josie, Josie, I say Josie, you rogue, what have you been doing to bewitch all the most eligible matches? and this your first season out, too.'

"Why, pa," asked Dora, "who has proposed for her now?" "You will not like it very well, for it was none other than Ross Wilton.' "Ross Wilton! No, no! you are only

"He is not joking, my dear sister," answered Josie, holding up her hand, upon which flashed a new diamond ring. "Didn't I tell you yesterday he might propose it I staid at home from the opera Thank you for going

and giving him the chance.i' "Then here is where he was last night! Oh, you deceitful, hateful thing!

"There, that will do, my dear, affectionate sister, I should think you might be thankfui that poor, plain Josie, had

"Poor, plain Josie! I should think it was pretty, handsome Josie! by the way the eligible offers have come in this first month," said Mr. Wycombe. "Why here are the three most eligi-

ble matches of the season been laid at Josie's feet, and Dora, who has been out four season's already, has never had an offer." "I'm sure I'm not to blame," said

Dora, bursting into tears, "and for my part cannot see into the secret of the sly, deceitful thing's success." "If you had gone with me to Aunt son, my son!" Jane's instead of Newport, and profit-

and I of Harry Barnes, for I might rest." have chosen bim if Ross had not shown strong symtoms of appreciation."

that has done all this, eh?" "Ha ha! this is the old play of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' is it?" laughed Mr. Wycombe. "Quite an improve-ment on Goldsmith, I declare."

"I DON'T WANT TO."

"Harry it is time for you to come in now. This is your study hour, and you promised your father that you would not neglect it." A bright, happy-looking boy came out from the street group in answer to this summons, but it was not to obey.

"Ob, mother," he said in a pleading tone, "please don't make me come in. All the boys are out and we are having such a good time."

"You know you ought to attend to your lessons," replied the mother. "Yes, but I don't want to," said Har

out just for once." The mother reluctantly yielded, and the boy went back to the pleasure which had been bought at the expense of a neglected duty. It is a bad thing

all that is implied in that one little word ought. Harry has outgrown his boyhood when we meet him again. "Harry, you must get up," said his father, giving a tap upon his door. "It will be a busy

for a boy to begin to be careless about

day at the office, and I am off. Don't be behind time" "Oh, father, I don't want to get up yet," said Harry in sleepy accents; "what is the use of routing me out so early? A fellow must have some

"Your employer is very particular about punctuality," said the father, 'and he is right."

Harry knew that his father spoke the truth; but he had been long mak ing up his character upon the principle of self-indulgence, so he said to himself, "Just one little nap cannot "Is that the way men do when they signify." The nap was taken; the young clerk was ten minutes too late at

"Come to the meeting with me this evening, Harry," said a young friend. 'We are having interesting meetings, my mind that I must think of the sal- the direction shown. vation of my soul without longer

delay." "I don't want to be religious," said Harry, "and I would rather not be

troubled about it." "But you ought to be a Christian,"

said his friend. "Well, I suppose I ought," said Harry; "but you see, I want to enjoy pleased and said: the world's pleasures a little longer. Porhaps I may get to be better when I grow older, but don't trouble meany well where it was. I found it right longer. I am well enough for the beside your dinner kettle under the present." Oh, how rapidly his chai- grass, where, I suppose, you left it."

acter is being fixed! his city home. He enters his mother's but the latter he kept down, for he brill antly lighted parlor, hat in hand, was a Chistian boy, and he quietly "Don't go out this evening, my son," answered: said his pleading mother. "Your till a late hour, and I should really be to be near my dinner kettle."

glad of your company." I promised some fellows to try a game of billiards with them, and then we are to have an oyster supper."

"I don't approve of billiard playing and these late suppers," said hi mother. The more you indulge in these, the more careless you are about your business duties. Disappoint these young men this time, and stay with me."

Harry kissed her, but laughingly freed herself from her detaining grasp. 'I suppose I could disappoint them, mother; but I can't bear to disappoint myself. Young men must have some pleasures, you know."

The mother sighed wearily as he turned away. Yet he was her bright, just. loving boy. It was the character which was now showing itself that caused her so much painful anxiety.

A few years later, and the mother sits in her parlor alone. The midnight hour is past, yet she still waits and watches for one who comes not. At length she hears the well known step, and hastens to open the door. Harry, with haggard looks and disordered dress, staggers into the hall. She groans in anguish, "Again! Oh, my book.

'Hang it mother, don't make a fuss,"

Years glide by, and Harry's parents "Then it's your housemaid dodge sleep in death. Beside the new-made grave of his mother he stands, wretched and grief-stricken. He does not look much like the beautiful boy of long ago; but the character he began to form then made him what he is He bows his head and tears fall fast, while memory is busy. A hand is laid upon his shoulder. A voice speaks in kindly accents, "Young man, don't grieve so bitterly over the past. Begin now a now life, and all may yet

Harry turned and saw the clergyman who had ministered to his mother in her dying hours. "You are very kind, sir, you mean well," he said, "but it is too late. I never can be any different now. I am a ruined wretch.'

"It is not too late," said the clergyman earnestly. "Be persuaded, my dear young friend. Jesus Christ came to save those who are lost in sin. Turn to Him now; repent, believe, and you may yet be happy."

"No. I cannot be religious now," said Harry. "I cannot even try, somehow. It is my fate to be wicked, I suppose. It is of no use to resist." And he went to the tavern to try to forget his grief.

And now, not advanced in years, but broken down in mind and body, the drunkard feels that he is sinking into the unseen eternity. Oh, the horrors of that scene! "I cannot die!" he screams in terror. "Oh, save me, save me: I don't want to die!" His plea is all in vain, and ceases forever as the seal of silence is set upon the quiver-

This character is finished. Boys, would you like to wear it? If not, begin to learn how to resist tempta tion. Go to Jesus and ask Him to help you to do, from day to day, just that which you know you should do.

Jem and the Pocketbook.

"Jem, I dropped my pocketbook somewhere out here. Have you seen the store. Didn't it signify? It stamp- it?" asked a farmer, one day, of a boy ed him as a careless, unreliable char- who was hoeing potatoes for him in a

"No, sir," said Jem, "I have not." "Well, suppose you help me to find it. You look along that side of the and many have resolved to begin now field toward the gate, while I look on to serve the Lord. I have made up this," rejoined Mr. Beers, pointing in

> "Yes sir," said Jem cheerfully, dropping his hoe in the furrow, and he started along the edge of the field, carefully looking for the lost pocket-

When he reached the gate, he found the farmer there before him, with the pocketbook in his hand. Jem looked

"You have found it, sir?" "Yes, and I guess you knew very

Jem felt the color rise to his tem-A few months later and Harry is in ples, and anger burned in his heart;

"I know nothing about your pocketfather may be detained by his business book, sir. I cannot tell how it came

"You are very innocent, I dare say," "Why, you see, I must go, mother. rejoined the farmer with a sneer; "but facts don't favor that opinion. I don' want suspicious boys about my place,

so you may quit as soon as you like,' Poor Jem was dumb with surprise and sorrow. Taking up his dinner kettle, he left the field and went directly home to his mother. He told her the story of his misfortune, and clos-

ed by saying: "You believe me, mother, don't

"I do, my son; I don't believe that you would lie or steal for the best pocketbook in the world."

Jem was comforted: his mother had faith in his word, and a voice whispered. "Jesus knows." His own heart, too, freed him. Though suspecting of lying and dishonesty, he was at peace, because he knew the suspicion was un-

The farmer, believing that Jem had hid his pocketbook, told the story to his many friends; but most of them shook their heads, and said:

"It can't be. Jem has always been an honest and truthful boy." Jem was sad to know that any thought him guilty. He to'd the story over and over to his Heavenly Father, and was comforted. Jesus made him st ong to bear his sore trial. After a few days a gentleman sent for Jem and wanted to hire him. Jem asked if he knew about the pocket-

"Yes," said he, "I know more than you do about its for I saw your dog with a book in his mouth going toward your dinner kettle. I supposed you

had sent him to do it, till I heard this morning from old Farmer Beers that you were suspected of biding it your-

Thus the mystery was solved; Jem's dog had found and hid the pocketbook. The boy's honor was now clear. He had a better place than before, and his heart was as happy as the love of

Jesus could make it. Happy Jem. He lived to be a very useful man, the trusted clerk of his employer, the support of his mother, and an honor to the Church of God. Suppose he had been guilty of hiding the pocketbook, and lying about it, would not the story of his life have been a very different one? You know

Learn to be as true, honest, patient and good as Jem was. Your life will then be happy, honest and useful.

THE GALLANT SLAIN.

BY ADRIA DUDLEY.

Now slowly sinks the king of day, And brighter seems his ling'ring ray. As through the reddened clouds of even, His parting glance to earth is given; Till bathing in his golden beams, Sweet burnished nature brightly gleams,

So 'tis with those who nobly die, Upon the field of liberty. Their names will shed a halo bright, A softer, holier, richer, light, Than ere o'er page of history's love, Was cast by mortal name before. And on our country's reddened breast,

Where sank her noble sons to rest, A hallow'd offering is given-An immolation unto heaven: 'Tis the lives of gallant slain, Who died so bravely-died in vain Who offered up their lives of price,

A free unselfish sacrifice

Upon the shrine of freedom's god;

And for a land by freeman trod;

Yet will their mem'ries ever be,

Gleams mid glooms of lost liberty. **** TO MY MOTHER.

They tell me human love was made Awhile to bloom, and then to fade Before the autumn chill-They tell me human love is sold-A thing of traffic, bought with gold,

And subject to the will.

No falsehood this; and yet I own, There is a love, one love alone, With lustre ever bright.
It runs through all my changing years,
Forsakes me not in smiles and tears,
And fills my soul with light.

Unselfish, pure as heaven above,
Is thine, dear mother, thine.
What, then, if clouds around me break!
The fount of joy they cannot take
From out this heart of mine.

That love, beyond all other love,

Earth's merry throng may pass me by:
Its honors from my grasp may fly.
As leaves upon the blast:
I care not, if thou loy'st me still:
Thy love alone my hearts can fill,
And hold it to the last. I'll love thee till my latest breath: I'll love thee when I'm clasped in death; I'll love thee still on high. While on my tide of life shall flow.

My love for thee no end shall know "Twill never, never die.

THE UNSEEN SHORE. The mists of death hang low upon life's sea; The unseen shore Beyond the darkness rises silently For evermore; The golden city flashes from the strand, But mortal eye sees not the distant land

Unnumbered prows are turned toward that shore; But never yet
Returning voyager, with struggling oar
Or canvas set
Hath brought us tidings from the land afar,
Whose gorgeous light is not of sun or star.

But there are voices in that unseen land,
Which we have heard,
Of loved ones standing with us hand in hand,
With smile and word
That kindled here our hearts with friendship's And breathed on us their music sweet and low And there are footsteps on the golden street,

That long ago
Made sacred rhythm, gliding soft and sweet,
Or sad and slow,
Along the paths we trod by hearth and home.
But strangely ceased, and left us lone to roam. And there are souls that thrill with love elern, Who look on Him For whom the stars in endless lustre burn; Where Scraphim
Delighted bask around the throne of light,
In ceaseless wonder at the infinite. Speed on, my bark, life's stormy sea across;
The mists will rise,
And every pam, and tear, and earthly loss
In strange surprise
Shall vanish, when the unseen shore shall greet

Thine eye, and thou shalt touch the golden street

LEISURE Hours .- It was a beautiful observation of the late William Hazlitt. that "there is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science in it. If we pass no day without a line-visit no place without the company of books-we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

AT It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting, to hear the echo of our own voices

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE .- In a late arti cle in Frazier's Magazine this brief but beautiful and true passage occurs: "Education does not commence with the Alphabet-it begins with a mother's love; with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign or reproof; with a ister's gentle forbearance; with a handful of flowers in a green and dainty meadow; with a bird's nest admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost inperceptible comet; wi h pleasant walks in shady lanes. and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature; to acts of benevolence; to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good-